

BROKAW BROTHERS OPEN NEW BROADWAY STORE NEXT MONDAY MORNING

Business Established in 1856
Moves From Astor Place
to Broadway.

Brokaw Brothers will greet their legions of friends and patrons on Monday morning in the company's new building at Nos. 1457-1459 Broadway. While the surroundings will be new, old customers will be greeted by their accustomed salesmen who for long years attended their wants in the famous old store at Astor Place and Fourth Avenue.

The new eleven-story building, with a frontage of 92 feet on Broadway and 110 feet on Seventh Avenue, is a fitting achievement of sixty years of progress on an enduring policy of fair values, reliable merchandise and the practice of square dealing with a discriminating public. It was built by A. L. Mordecai & Son, an architectural firm of House & Goldstone. The classic outlines are in Indiana limestone and tapestry brick, the lower portion presenting an Ionic colonnade with stone entablature.

The first three floors are in American walnut and Tennessee marble, the others in oak. Spacious aisles and all modern improvements are noted in the practical and roomy store. Of the innovations there is a splendidly equipped shoe department for men and boys, a leather goods department with the newest creations in bags, trunks and leather novelties, a sport clothes department, incorporating the Brokaw ideals of tailoring, and a children's department, occupying the entire third floor, including a hair dressing parlor and a rest room for ladies.

Value giving, traditional with the house of Brokaw, will continue to be the policy of the new location. The house of Brokaw Brothers was founded in 1856 by Isaac Vail Brokaw, descendant of Huguenot Bremond, of Huguenot fame, who came from France in 1675. Howard C. Brokaw, who succeeded his father as president, planned the new structure with the view of a marked expansion of trade. The officers and directors of the company are Howard C. Brokaw, president; Harry B. Venn, treasurer; Frederick Pabst, secretary; Edward M. Biggs, Robert Y. Anderson and Edward Costello.

Eat and Get Thin.

This is turning an old phrase face about, but modern methods of reducing fat have made this revision possible.

If you are overfat and also averse to physical exertion, and likewise fond of the table, and still want to reduce your excess flesh several pounds, do this: Go to your drugstore for the Marmola Co., 25 Monroe Ave., Detroit, Mich., and give him (or send them) 75 cents. For this modest amount of money the drug store will put you in the way of satisfying your ambition for a nice, trim, slim figure. He will hand you a large case of Marmola Prescription Tablets (recommended in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription), one of which you must take after each meal and at bed time until you begin to lose your fat at the rate of 12 to 18 ounces a day. That is all. Just go on eating what you like, leave exercising to the athletes, but take your little tablet faithfully, and without a doubt that fleshy flesh will quickly take up its wings, leaving behind it your natural self, neatly clothed in firm flesh and trim muscles.—Adv.



FOR A BEAR OF A SHINE

SHOE POLISHES BLACK-WHITE-TAN

A combination of paste and liquid in a paste form. Only half the effort is needed for a brilliant waterproof shine. These polishes do not contain acid and positively will not crack the leather. They preserve the leather and thus make your shoes last longer.

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT **10c** THE F. P. DALLEY CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DASHING BRICKLAYER WITH MARRYING HABIT IS HUSBAND TO TWO

There Would Have Been a
Third Wedding Except
for Wife No. 1.

Frederick H. F. Mueller, a dashing bricklayer, of No. 462 East One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street, the Bronx, stood in West Farms Police Court today between a statuesque, stylishly gowned blonde and a statuesque stylishly gowned brunette and admitted he was married to both of them. Furthermore Henry admitted that he might have had three wives if his first wife hadn't warned him a year and a half ago that he would get into trouble if he married Carrie Sik of No. 680 East One Hundred and Eighty-fourth Street, to whom he was engaged.

Mueller married the blonde on Sept. 28, 1911. They separated within a year and Mrs. Mueller resumed the practice of stenography, living with her parents at No. 489 East Fordham Road. Mueller went to live with his parents in East One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street.

The bricklayer Romeo couldn't keep away from the altar. He bought a ring on the installment plan and became engaged to Miss Sik. The wedding day was set when Mrs. Sophie Mueller, the first wife passed the word along that if Frederick persisted in acquiring a team of wives she would have him arrested.

Frederick said to-day that on receipt of this warning he left the city and wrote to Miss Sik to send back the ring to the installment man. After some months he returned and met the statuesque brunette Madeline Zerenner, the daughter of a retired policeman. He went to his old friend the installment man, bought another ring and married Miss Zerenner on Dec. 4, 1915.

The blonde wife had been keeping pretty close tabs on Frederick and she heard of his marriage recently. She swore out a warrant for his arrest yesterday and guided Detectives Meyer and Wagner to his home at 6 o'clock this morning. Wagner watched the house from the rear and Meyer entered the front. Attired only in his underclothes, Mueller ran across the snow covered rear yard in his bare feet and was climbing a fence when Wagner halted him at the point of a revolver. Mueller was held in \$2,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. His brunette wife says she will stand by him.

HELD AS GIRL'S ASSAILANT.

Miss Marion Says Masher Struck Her When Repulsed.

Joseph Conditto, twenty-eight years old, of No. 250 East Thirty-fourth Street was held in \$300 bail by Magistrate Koenig in the Men's Night Court last night for further examination on charges of being a masher and assaulting Miss Louise Marion, twenty-five, of No. 207 East Twenty-sixth Street.

In court Miss Marion told Magistrate Koenig that Conditto had approached her as she was entering her home late last night and that when she repulsed his attentions and ran into Second Avenue the man followed and struck her several times on the side of the head.

The young woman said her hearing had been affected by the blows and she could hardly hear what was being said in court. Policeman Suss of the East Thirty-fifth Street Station captured Conditto as he was running away from the young woman. Miss Marion went to Bellevue Hospital to have her ears treated.

SEVEN MEN PLEAD TO CHARGES THAT THEY ARE FIREBUGS

One Admits His Guilt—Lives
Crowded Tenements Were
Put in Danger.

Seven men arrested during the last week by Fire Marshal Brophy and his assistants on charges of setting fire to their stores were indicted by the Grand Jury today for arson and attempted arson. All seven were arraigned before Judge Wadhams in General Sessions. Six pleaded not guilty. The seventh said he was guilty.

In asking that high bail be fixed for each of the defendants, Assistant District Attorney James E. Smith said that the intention of District Attorney Swann was to promptly and vigorously prosecute the seven in order that there shall be no resumption of the arson industry in the city.

The men indicted are David Schuf, Henry Rothchild, Hyman Kooperman, Jacob Epstein, Max Pomsnansky, Amelio Cavalleri and Heyman Kaufman. Schuf, Rothchild and Kooperman are accused of setting fire to the premises No. 41 Bond Street, occupied by the Deutsch-Schuf Corporation as a hat factory. Schuf was President of the concern and is alleged to have secured Rothchild and Kooperman to set the fire.

THIS BLAZE ENDANGERED TWENTY FAMILIES.

Epstein and Pomsnansky are accused of setting fire to the latter's barber shop at No. 401 East Eighth Street in the morning of Feb. 21. Fire Marshal Brophy told Judge Wadhams that Epstein had notified him that an attempt would be made to burn Pomsnansky's barber shop in order to collect the insurance. The shop which was in the basement of a tenement in which twenty-eight families lived had run down and was no longer a paying investment. Pomsnansky told the Fire Marshal that he intended to open a mattress factory with the proceeds of the insurance policy.

Cavalleri was arrested after a fire in his butcher shop at No. 7 Monroe Street, on the early morning of Feb. 14. His business had been had according to Fire Marshal Brophy, the fire was set so that Cavalleri could collect on the fire insurance policies he held. An ingenious plan in which was employed turpentine and candles, was fixed up in the butcher shop to spread the flames.

The fire drove twenty panic-stricken families, aggregating 154 persons, into the street. While fighting the fire a company of firemen was nearly trapped by a back draught. Cavalleri, who has been at liberty under \$5,000 bail, was committed to the Tombs by Judge Wadhams on the representations of Assistant District Attorney Smith and Fire Marshal Brophy that he was apt to forfeit his bond.

TWO FIRES STARTED TO DESTROY THIS STORE.

In the case of Hyman Kaufman, Mr. Brophy stated that the firemen found oil on the floor of his cigar store at No. 117 West Street, and two fires burning in different parts of the store. There were several oil saturated wooden butter dishes in which were set partly burned candles. Kaufman confessed that he had made the fires because his business had gone to the dogs.

"I would as soon be in jail, where I could get some sleep, as out on the street," Kaufman said. "I don't get any sleep at all," he said. Kaufman told the Fire Marshal.

Kaufman pleaded guilty and was remanded to the Tombs for sentence. Philip Borowitz, formerly in the dry goods business in Greene Street, who was indicted in December, 1914, for arson in the third degree, and who has since been a fugitive, surrounded himself to-day and pleaded guilty to the indictment. Sentence was deferred until next week by Judge Wadhams.

WIFE SLAYER IN CHAIR; WAS FRIEND OF SCHMIDT

Blames Drink for His Crime and
Meets End Without Show
of Emotion.

Walter Watson, a Brooklyn wife slayer, died at 5:59 o'clock this morning in the electric chair at Sing Sing Prison. He had been the crony of Hans Schmidt in the death house, was the last prisoner to whom Schmidt spoke as he walked to the chair two weeks ago, and he died gamely as did Schmidt.

Watson's last statement was that he was ready to go and was innocent of wilfully murdering his wife. He said he killed her because he was intoxicated and she attacked him. "There isn't much to live for anyway," he said to one of the prison attendants, "so I'm ready to die."

He showed no emotion as he was strapped in the chair. Three shocks were given.

Watson was forty-two years old. On March 22 last he went to the home of his wife, Elizabeth, from whom he was separated, at No. 779 Gates Avenue, and asked to be taken back. She refused him and he attacked her with a carving knife. The old son, Watson, his fourteen-year-old son, was injured trying to save his mother, and it was mainly on his testimony that the father was convicted last June.

The Girl and the Game

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN
RAILROAD LIFE.

By
FRANK H. SPEARMAN.
Author of "The Mountain
Divide," "The Girl and the Game,"
Copyright, 1915, by Frank H. Spearman.
Published by Mutual Film Corporation. New to be seen
in all leading Motion Picture Theatres.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

In front of the jail a man was haranguing the crowd and urging them to get the murderer. And his listeners were already in a humor to rash the place. Within the Sheriff and his men were anxiously watching developments. The Sheriff ordered a deputy to slip quietly out the back way and get hold of a car. The moment the machine appeared the Sheriff smuggled Spike out, meaning to take him to the county jail for safe keeping. Unfortunately, an alert rioter saw the move. He gave the alarm.

Before Spike's captors could get him away the crowd headed the machine off. It was then a case of any port in a storm and the officer with his little party took refuge in the City Council chambers, handcuffing Spike to the floor in order to have every one free to hold the rioters at bay.

Helen and Storm had boarded a switch engine in the yards and run it down to camp where the flat car filled with men was coupled to it and with Rhineland in charge, headed again for Las Vegas.

The Sheriff in the Council Chamber found himself surrounded. He went to the door and addressed the mob. He told them he would defend the prisoner with his life. The officer went inside, fastening the door behind him and his men, and made a barricade of desks to protect themselves from occasional bullets that now whistled through the big windows opening on Main Street. But though the men made themselves safe for the time being, a stray shot struck the wires leading from the telephone and in contact with a scratch pad. Unobserved by anyone in the excitement of the moment the paper caught by the short circuit began to smoke. In a moment it blazed up. A little cone of fire began to lick the wall beside which the pad lay. At this juncture Rhineland with his men eager for a fray pulled into the station.

Rhineland, with Helen and Storm, had joined the Sheriff and explanations had just begun when Helen, looking down the street, called the attention of her companions to smoke issuing from the front windows of the City Hall.

"By jingo!" cried the Sheriff, dashing away. "I've got a prisoner chained in there—Spike!"

With exclamations of horror, Helen and her companions followed the Sheriff on the run. The fire in the council chamber was making headway fast. Helen, going as close as she dared to the open window, called out to the men, "There's no power. Followed by Storm she rushed for the door. But the Sheriff caught the young engineer and held him back. Helen, already pasted through the doorway and amid the smoke and flame saw Spike, chained to the floor, struggling with superhuman strength to tear loose from his shackles.

Outside, Storm, hurrying off the hands of the restraining Sheriff, ran in after Helen. He called to her only endeavoring to release Spike. The heavy black smoke billowing from the rear wall threatened to suffocate them. But Storm, who had only helping, seized the heavy chains in his hands and ripped the boards in which the staples were embedded, completely freeing the prisoner. Then pushing Spike with loud shouts ahead, dragging the boards after him, Helen and Storm, half choked, hurried on.

"DYNAMITE" DID NOT GO OFF.

Columbia's Ultra-Radical (So Promised) Paper Still on Press.

Advance copies of Dynamite, the newest effort on the part of the radical press, came to the attention of the police last night. For hours Ralph Perry, one of the editors, who is credited with writing the article promised on "Immortality at Co-Educational Colleges," watched the big van in which the printer formed his Dynamite was being carefully transported to the campus. Later the printer told Perry the paper was just going on the press.

This means that the new magazine will not appear until to-day, and it may not be in time to go on sale as advertised.

The Columbia Spectator, the college daily, in an editorial printed yesterday does not offer a very warm welcome to Dynamite.

THOUSANDS WHO HAVE FAILED

Deprivation and Discontent
in Many Homes.

There are thousands of men in every city who are known as chronic incompetents—men who are unable to hold down a job for any length of time—or who fail in every individual undertaking—and when asked the reason why, answer that "Poor health" is responsible.

Every conscientious man owes it to his employer, his associates and his family to take measures that will prevent his reaching that stage of physical breakdown that makes his services of small value and his protection uncertain.

John H. Hoff's Malt Extract, known throughout the civilized world, has been held in the highest medical esteem for over 50 years as a food tonic equalled.

It builds up the entire system—creates appetite—makes blood, bone and muscle—quiets the nerves and induces refreshing sleep. Equally beneficial to women, and helps pale, sickly children to become hungry, red-checked pictures of health.

Taken at meal time and delightfully palatable. Endorsed by medical authorities.—Adv.

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In Seagrave's room, not far away, Doctor Torpy was examining Bill's head. He discovered almost at once that the foreman had not been shot at all. "You're not hurt," said the doctor, laughing. "But they're trying to hang one of your men down street right now for shooting you. Better notify your gang to call things off." The doctor turned to the window, threw up the sash and called out into the street.

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